

*American*  
**JUNIOR RED CROSS**  
*December 1935* **NEWS** *"I Serve"*





The  
**BOAR'S HEAD**

The Boar's Head in Hand I bring  
Bedecked with Bay and Rosemary ..  
And I pray you all sing merrily.  
Qui estis in convivio ..

# The First Christmas Tree

## A German Legend

MILDRED NEWBOLD GETTY

Illustrations by Kurt Wiese

MANY, many years ago there lived in Germany a boy named Johann. Every day his mother went to the castle on the top of the hill to work. At night she returned to her children in the little cottage at the edge of the great forest.

While the mother worked, Johann's sisters, Freida and Elsa, kept house. The two girls cleaned and scrubbed the tiny cottage and cooked the simple meals. Johann attended to the outside chores. In the summer he went to the forest every day to gather wood for the fires. He stacked it high behind the house to have plenty for the long winter months. Sometimes he got little jobs in the village and gave the few pennies he earned to help his mother buy food for the family, for they were very poor.

It was Christmas Eve. Johann had worked all day in the village running errands for Herr Richter. Now he was returning home with a present for each member of the family. He had made enough to buy his mother the woolen gloves she needed and the stockings for Elsa. A bright scarf for Freida was in the package, too.

It was cold, very cold as he slipped and slid along the snowy path. The sun had gone down and the wind was beginning to blow. Tiny snowflakes blew against his face and made a soft white powder on his coat. But Johann didn't mind the cold or snow. It was Christmas Eve! Soon he would be at home before the bright fire with his presents to make his mother and sisters happy. He even whistled a little softly to himself, for right ahead was a light. It was the light of his home. He knew his mother would be there getting the dinner ready. Freida and Elsa would be whispering about their presents and trying to hide the little cakes they had made as a surprise for their mother. It all seemed so near that Johann started to run to make the short distance between the merriment at home and this snow covered outside even shorter.

As he ran he thought he heard a cry—a little feeble wailing cry like a puppy whispering for its mother or the sob of a little lost child. Johann stopped to listen. Yes, there it was again. It seemed to come from the forest that bordered

the side of the path. The boy looked about him, but all he could see was the white snow covering every bush and stump in the forest.

"It must be the wind," he thought to himself. "I have not time to stop now and look for a lost dog. It should not have strayed out into this cold."

He wanted to be home quickly, for this was the day of the year when the great lady of the castle sent down a pudding for the family. And such a pudding! There never was one so full of plums and good things. If he stayed out in the cold because he thought he heard something crying he would miss seeing it boil and bubble. So turning away from the sound, he ran on to the house. Soon he was pushing against the door to open it.

Inside, the little cottage was all cozy and bright. His mother was bending over the pudding pot to see how well it was cooking.

Freida and Elsa ran to him and taking hold of his hands danced him around the room. "Oh, Johann, we are glad you have come."

Johann's presents fell from his arms to the floor. "Take care," he cried, laughing and tearing himself free. "This isn't the time for you to see these yet." He picked the packages up and put them in a safe place.

"Johann," cried Freida, "you should see the pudding. Such a big one, and how good it smells." She wrinkled up her nose to get a better whiff of the delicious odors which filled the room.

"And my cakes," whispered Elsa. "They're all ready and a real surprise for mother. I made more than ever this year. We'll have a real Christmas feast."

Johann went to the fire to smell the pudding. It was indeed a big one and bubbled and boiled in the great pot swung over the open blaze.

His mother unwound the muffler from his neck. "Come, Johann," she said, "take off your heavy wraps and warm yourself by the fire. You were such a good boy to get in all the wood in the summer. We'll keep warm and bright and merry this Christmas no matter how the winds may blow. And I have a surprise for you. We'll





*There on the snow lay a little golden-haired boy*

have a goose for Christmas dinner, too. I made a little extra money and was able to get a good fat one at the market."

"Yes," said Freida, "we are going to cook it now. Mother has promised that I may turn the spit."

The mother and the two girls bustled about getting the goose ready to roast before the open fire, while Johann sat on a stool and warmed his hands. Outside the wind whistled and blew, but here it was warm and cozy. He was very happy.

As he sat with his hands stretched before the blaze he remembered the cry he had heard in the forest. What if the little dog were freezing to death in the snow while he sat warm and comfortable before the fire? Or suppose it were an old man who had lost his way and fallen by the roadside unable to go any further. As he thought about it, Johann could almost hear the cry again. He listened. Yes, there it was, a little feeble sob of pain.

Johann jumped to his feet. "Mother," he said, "I must go out. There is someone in the storm crying for help."

His mother stopped her work and looked at him in surprise. "I hear nothing, Johann," she

said. "Come, sit down and warm yourself some more. It is only the wind crying. My boy mustn't be thinking of sorrow when it is Christmas Eve and all should be merry. Soon the Christ Child will be abroad with presents."

Johann sat down again, but still he heard the cry. "I must go, mother," he said, jumping once more to his feet. "There is someone calling. I heard it before I reached home, just as I was coming out of the woods."

"We hear nothing, Johann," Freida and Elsa said. "It is as mother thinks, only the wind you hear."

But Johann would not listen to his sisters and without waiting for his mother to say more, wound the muffler around his neck and ran out of the house.

The storm seemed to beat him back as he came out of the door. The wind

roared and blew great gusts of snow in his face, icing his cheeks and cutting his eyes. He had never seen such a gale as this. He fought his way up the path to the stretch of woods where he had first heard the cry. Though the sky was dark with heavy clouds the white snow made it easy to see the few bushes and rocks it had not covered. A little way from the path he thought he saw a dark shadow. When he came nearer it looked like a little bundle of rags. Nearer still Johann saw that there was something there alive. The cry he had heard before came very faintly now. He stooped down. There on the snow lay a little golden-haired boy. His feet were bare and blue from the cold. His clothes were old and thin and his head was uncovered. The child was crying like a hurt animal.

Johann brushed the snow from the little boy's clothes and picked him up. He turned back toward the house and walked as quickly as he could.

Though the child was little, he seemed very heavy. As Johann walked he was afraid the boy would become too much for him to carry. The wind blew so hard Johann could scarcely stand against it. Twice he stumbled and fell to his



knees in the snow. And now the night had become very dark. He could not see the path ahead of him. How long a way he had come to find the child! It had not seemed so long when he had run home with his presents.

At last when he felt he had not strength enough left to fight against the storm, he reached the door of the house. His mother opened it for him and stood looking at him in wonder as he came in carrying the child. His sisters with wide eyes crowded around him.

"What is it, Johann?" they cried. "What is it you have in your arms?"

"A little boy," Johann answered. "He was lost in the snow and very cold. See, his feet are bare and his clothes old and thin."

Johann laid the child down on the bed that stood in a corner. Freida took his poor frozen little feet and rubbed them with her warm hands while Elsa rubbed his hands. The mother hurried to get some soup ready and Johann went for warm covers.

As the girls rubbed the child's feet and hands they saw warm color come to the little white cheeks and the lips that were gray turned rosy red. Slowly he opened his eyes. They were blue, blue as the skies in summer, and so soft and sweet that Freida thought he looked like an angel.

The mother came with a steaming bowl of soup in her hands. "Drink this, little one," she said softly.

The little boy drank the soup as the woman held it to his lips. It brought back some of his strength. He sat up and looked about him. Johann brought a warm shawl and wrapped it around the thin, shivering shoulders, then he picked the child up and carried him to the fire.

"We must get him some shoes and stockings," said Elsa. "I'll see if mine will fit."

She ran to the closet and took out her best woolen stockings, the ones her mother had knit for her birthday, while Freida found the shoes she wore on

holidays. Strange to say, they fitted exactly.

"I think the suit mother made for me last Christmas will fit him," said Johann. It was his very best suit, but it was the only thing he had to give the little boy. When the child was dressed in the children's clothes he didn't seem to be nearly so little as before.

The fire burned brightly. The golden-haired boy smiled happily now. Outside the wind still howled and blew, but inside all was warm and cheerful.

"Come, Freida," called her mother. "We are forgetting the goose. It will be burned on one side if you don't turn it."

Freida ran to the spit and began turning. Elsa got out the dishes and set the table. She put the cakes she had made on a plate ready to eat. Johann brought in more wood for the fire.

When the little boy was warmed, he helped, too. He laughed and talked with the others and was quite as happy as they. Soon the dinner was on the table. The mother laughed and kissed Elsa when she saw the golden brown cakes that were a surprise. What a dinner it was! A goose had never been so good before, nor had there ever been such a big one. And the pudding! The great lady at the castle must surely have sent her best one down to the little cottage. How they laughed as they ate.

When the dinner was over and the dishes were washed and put away the children played games. It was so much merrier having the little boy



*So Freida and Johann went to the child, and each put a package in his hand*

with them. They danced and sang before the fire until it was time for the presents.

Then suddenly the merriment ceased. There would be presents for everyone in the family but there was no present for the little stranger.

Freida went to Johann and whispered in his ear. "Brother dear, give him the present you bought for me. I can wait for mine until next Christmas."

"And you give him the one you made for me," Johann whispered back.

So Freida and Johann went to the child and each put a package in his hand. Then Elsa gave her present, too, and when they saw the joy on the little boy's face as he opened the packages they forgot they had no presents of their own.

The little boy was very quiet then. He looked at his presents and touched them softly as if he were afraid they might vanish before he had seen them enough. Perhaps he had never had a present before.

"Tell us about the Christ Child, mother," begged Elsa. "It is Christmas Eve and time to hear of him."

Then the mother drew all the children near the fire. Freida and Elsa sat on the floor at her feet and leaned against her knees. The little boy climbed into her lap and laid his bright golden head against her breast. Johann pulled up his stool to be near and the mother told of the Christ Child.

"He is dressed in white robes," she said. "Around his head there is a light that looks like gold and his smile is sweeter than the smile of angels. Wherever his foot steps it leaves a golden footprint. He comes on Christmas Eve and brings presents to all the good people in the world. Sometimes people can see him, but one never knows where he can be seen or when he is coming. Those who have seen him say he is so beautiful and so sweet that all must kneel and kiss the hem of his garment, for there is great love in their hearts for him, and he gives love to all."

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"I wish we could see the Christ Child," said Elsa. "Has the great lady at the castle seen him?"

"No," answered the mother. "She has not seen him. She told me only yesterday that she had seen many things and been to many places in the world, but she had never seen the Christ Child."

Then the big blue eyes of the little boy grew heavier and heavier with sleep. His head nodded lower and lower.

"The poor child must go to bed," said the mother, "but where shall we put him? We have no extra bed."

"He may have mine," said Johann. "I will sleep on the hearth."

The mother made Johann a bed on the hearth and soon all in the little house were fast asleep.

When the first rays of the morning sun peeped into the little cottage that Christmas morning, Johann opened his eyes. The room seemed very bright. The little child was standing in the mid-

dle of the floor. His yellow curls made a light all around his head.

"I must go," said the child. "I must be on my way."

"But it is cold," answered Johann. "The snow is deep and you will be lost."

"No," answered the child. "I am never lost where there are warm and loving hearts. It is only among the careless who forget me that I am lost."

Then he went to the door, opened it, and was gone.

"Mother, Freida, Elsa," called Johann jumping up, "the little boy has gone out into the cold. We must follow him and bring him back."

Johann threw a wrap around him and ran to the door. But it opened and there before him stood the child with a branch of fir heavy with ice and snow in his hand.

"See," said the little boy. "I bring you this. It is the tree of life. Every year at Christmas time it will bloom for you."



"See," said the little boy, "I bring you this"

He went to the hearth and stuck the branch between the stones. Slowly it grew and spread until it made a great tree almost filling the little room. On its branches there shone balls of many colors. The snow and ice turned to bright and shining crystals. Candies, cakes, and sweetmeats hung in pretty garlands from its boughs and the needles sent out fragrant odors of the fir forests. At the top shone a golden star, and around its foot were gayly colored packages.

The mother and her three children looked on with wondering eyes. For a moment they forgot the little boy, the tree was so wonderful. Then they turned to him.

"Who are you?" they asked, "that you can give us this?"

But the child did not have to answer for there before them instead of the little ragged stranger

was a boy dressed in white robes. Around his head was a golden light and his smile was sweeter than the smile of angels. His voice was soft and full of love when he spoke.

"You brought me in out of the cold, Johann, and gave me your bed. Though I was heavy and the path dark, you didn't give up. And you," he said, turning to the others, "warmed me and fed me and gave me your presents. And now I give you the Christmas tree. It will come to you every year and to all children with loving hearts. And I will be with you, always."

As he finished speaking the family in the little cottage knelt down to kiss the hem of his garment, for their hearts were filled with a great love for him. But as they knelt he vanished. Where he had stood on the rough boards of the floor they saw footprints of pure gold.

## Christmas in Merry England

GERTRUDE HARTMAN

**I**N THE Middle Ages, the Christmas season was a time of feasting and merry-making, which cheered the hearts of every one in the

depths of the long, dreary winter. During the holidays the nobles threw open wide the gates of their castles to their friends, their vassals, and their peasants. Rank and ceremony were cast aside and all were deemed equal, whether lord or serf. Everywhere the old halls were the centers of gay festivities.

Let us visit the hall of a medieval lord in England and see the people of the castle enjoying the Christmas revels.

We enter a large rectangular room, lofty and spacious. The walls are of grey stone, unplastered and rough. The floor, too, is of stone. Instead of a ceiling there are rafters of solid oak, richly carved. The lofty windows have pointed arches and are filled with beautiful, colored glass, like those in churches.

In the middle of the room is a great stone hearth, where huge logs are piled, burning with cheerful blaze. Shields and clusters of lances hang on the walls between the windows, while from the rafters hang gay banners, emblazoned with the coat-of-arms of the owner of the castle.

Across one end of the hall is a platform, or dais, raised a step or two above the main floor. On it is a long table, extending from one side of

*England was merry England, when  
Old Christmas brought his sports again.  
'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale;  
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale.  
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer  
The poor man's heart through half the year.*

—WALTER SCOTT

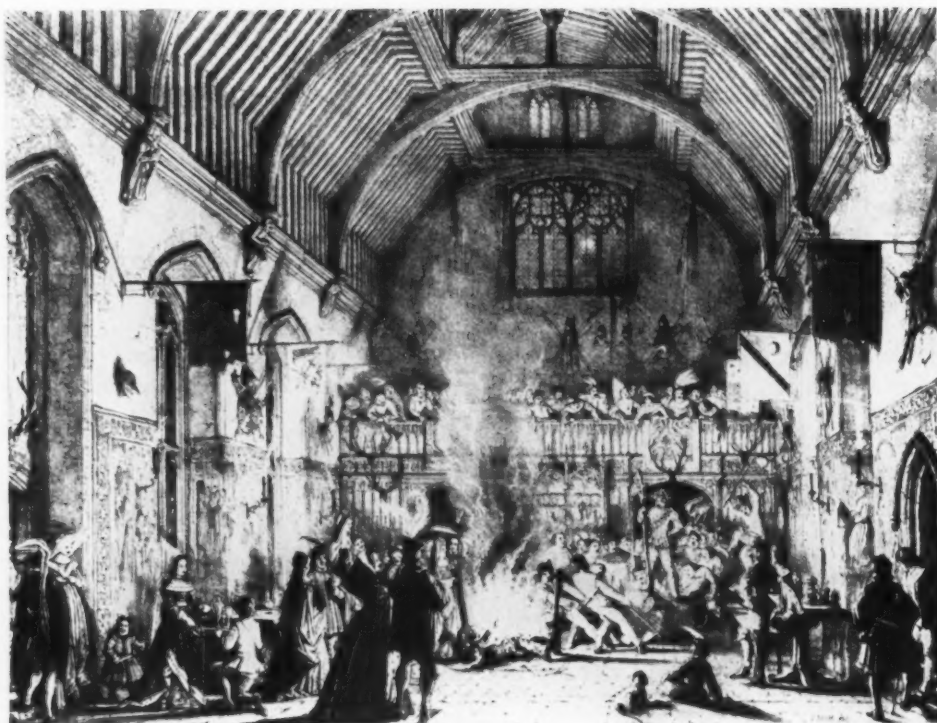
the hall to the other. In the center of the side nearest the wall is a high-backed chair, beautifully carved, which is the seat of the lord of the

castle. At the feast his most honored guests will sit on each side of him, facing the rest of the company. Other tables, long and narrow, are arranged along the walls, the whole length of the hall with long benches for seats. At these tables will sit the lord's vassals and retainers. At the end of the hall opposite the lord's table is the minstrel's gallery, where the musicians will play during the feasting. The walls, the minstrel's gallery, the rafters, all have been picturesquely decked with holly and ivy and mistletoe.

All is in readiness for the revels and the lord and lady of the castle come into the long hall, accompanied by a gay company of guests. The ladies are richly appareled in long robes of beautifully hued silk from the looms of old Cathay, some wrought with gold and silver thread, with long floating sleeves and richly embroidered girdles. The gentlemen are scarcely less brilliant, in their long cloaks with rich fur at the neck and wrists, their varicolored hose and long pointed crimson shoes, with heavy gold chains about their necks and jewelled rings upon their fingers.

The old hall, with its many colored windows, its richly clad guests, its tables glittering with gold and silver plate, its tall, tapering candles,





*Bringing in the Yule log*

"MANSIONS OF ENGLAND IN THE OLDEN TIME"

throwing a mellow light over everything, makes indeed a splendid picture.

In preparation for Christmas a huge Yule log has been selected, perhaps the whole trunk of a tree. With much shouting and joyous ceremony it is dragged into the hall and placed on the iron dogs in the spacious fireplace. The burning of the Yule log was an ancient Christmas custom. It was supposed to bring good luck during the coming year and gave promise of long feasting. The lord lights the log with the dying remnant of the old log and the flames go roaring up the chimney.

Then the lord and his lady and all his guests take their places at the tables. A horn sounds and pages bring in huge silver wassail bowls, filled with ale, highly spiced and sweetened, with little red apples floating on the surface, and all the guests drink to one another's health, each giving the ancient Saxon drinking pledge, "Was-sail!" which meant "to your health," as he presented the bowl to his neighbor, who responded with, "Drine heil!"

Heralded by a jubilant flourish of trumpets, the boar's head, garlanded with sprays of laurel, is brought in, borne shoulder-high on a broad silver platter by the master cook. In its mouth is a roasted apple, and in its ears are sprigs of rosemary.

Closely followed by other servants carrying great dishes of smoking viands, the procession moves slowly up to the high table, as the whole company rises and every one joins in singing the Boar's Head Carol:

"The boar's head in hand bear I,  
Bedecked with bays and rosemary;  
And I pray you, my masters, be merry  
Quot estis in convivio. (So many of you as are  
at the feast.)

Caput apri defero, (The boar's head I bring)  
Reddens laudes domino (Rendering praises to  
the Lord).

"The boar's head as I understand,  
Is the rarest dish in all this land,  
Which thus bedecked with a gay garland  
Let us servire cantico. (Serve with a song)."

Soon the tables are groaning under great quantities of food, as stalwart serving men bring course after course from the kitchen. When the prodigious appetites of the guests have been appeased the great feast comes to an end.

Then fun and jollity of all sorts begin. The company have chosen one of their number to whom they give the title of Lord of Misrule, who is to direct the revels and act as master of ceremonies.

Soon all sorts of games are in progress. The Lord of Misrule and his followers slip a hood over the head of one of the guests and start the rough old game of hoodman blind, which is very much like our blind man's buff. In another place hot cockles is being played by a group. One player is kneeling blindfolded with his head in the lap of another who is sitting on a stool. Holding his hands behind him, palms up, he cries, "Hot cockles, hot!" The other players, in turn strike his hands, and he tries to guess who each one is. Still other groups are playing hunt the slipper, bob-apple, and forfeits. The Lord of Misrule goes about cracking jokes and seeing that every one joins in the fun and has a good time.

Now comes a loud knocking at the door and in sweeps a group of mummers with their dragon. These are bands of poor men and women who disguise themselves in quaint costumes and masks and go about singing, dancing, and partaking of the good cheer. They are led by Old Father Christmas, who enters saying:

"Here come I, Old Father Christmas.  
Welcome, or welcome not,  
I hope Old Father Christmas  
Will never be forgot."

The mummers parade about the hall, amusing the guests by their costumes and their antics. They bow low before the lord and lady of the

castle, and then they act out a little play called St. George and the Dragon. The characters include, among others, St. George, Old Dr. Ball, Giant Blunderbore, Little Jack, and the Dragon. But before their play the players stand in line and each one introduces himself. This is how Giant Blunderbore introduces himself:

"I am Giant Blunderbore, fe, fi, fum.  
Ready to fight ye all, so I says, 'Come!'  
And this here is my little man, Jack (giving  
Little Jack two resounding thwacks on the  
back).

So here I, Blunderbore, takes my stand,  
With this little fellow, Jack, at my right hand,  
Ready to fight for mortal life, fe, fi, fum!"

Old Dr. Ball introduces himself thus:

"I am a doctor and I cure all ills.  
Only gullup my potions and swallow my pills.  
I can cure the itch, the stitch, the pox, the palsy  
and the gout,  
All pains within and all pains without.  
There never was doctor like Mr. Dr. Ball."

Then follows the little play which has much rough play and fighting in it. After the play the mummers sing, while one of their number goes about the hall with a hat into which the guests throw money.

Thus, with songs and merry minstrelsy the happy night is spent.



*Christmas revels in medieval days*

# Children of the Matanuska Valley

MADELEINE DE FORAS

**P**ALMER, Alaska, August, 1935.—Walk through Palmer Canvas City.\* White tents bloom row upon row. Occupying them are families, all of which have children, ranging from teeny babies to young people in high school. These tents are numbered and arranged in streets lettered alphabetically. In the center of the encampment is the red town pump. There from early morning one will find children pumping water. Some older children have to bring in all the water for mother to cook and wash, and for a family of nine such as Mrs. Clyde Cook's, for instance, that means a big water supply. But fortunately this large family is just two streets away from the pump. Small children also are there getting water in tin cans so as to make mud pies, a very popular pastime. At times you will see a mother breaking up the "baking party," for "Sis" was told to "keep clean, and now look at her."

During the first few months here the children just would not go to bed; for outside of two hours' dusk between midnight and two A.M., it stayed broad daylight. Then between 5 and 6 A.M. they would arise. Thus there is a problem of the wash bowl. Most families have but one. Then there is a mad scramble for clothes, as a tent space of 16 by 20 houses either a small or large family. Mother gets breakfast under way, which is soon disposed of by the children, so they can join the others. The older girls must make up beds before going out. This means work, for where there are more than two children in the family, bunks are built, even to three tiers high. In some it's single bunks, and where there are larger families, it's double beds, all the way up, three stories high. The children like the idea of clambering up and down, but not big sister Mary who has to make the beds.

Boys on the various streets are seen playing with marbles which were given to them at the Junior Red Cross parties in San Francisco and Seattle. By one side street, horseshoes are being pitched. At first the boys were the only ones allowed even to touch them, "For didn't us guys get them?" says Dale Ronison. The girls look on, and as the fellows leave for another pastime, the girls take turns in showing their skill. Soon

it's a mixed crowd one sees. Somehow the girls have wound their way in.

Many fishing trips are planned. Lunches are put up in corn flake boxes, and off they go—each child wearing new high top boots, overalls, a large brim hat, which has a black, fine-meshed net, ready to drop down the minute they enter the woods. Mosquitoes are bad and without this net one cannot go into the woods. At first it's fun to be gazing through a net, and "all the other kids look so funny, I am always laughing" says one of the boys, "but it's sort of hard on a guy when he decides to eat his sandwiches ahead of time, while hiking, for the mosquitoes get in the net and you have to get them out." The grass which grows in abundance in the shady part of the woods is so tall that the boys are entirely hidden from view. In fun they raise their hats up high and it is droll to see just hats moving. The grass is just the thing for hide and seek, too.

Now that the berries are in season, the boys and girls go berry picking, as their mothers are anxious to make jelly for the winter. Some of the boys have made regular pack boxes out of lumber so as to carry the berries without crushing them. Tom Cook banked on this raspberry season, for he picks and sells them at thirty-five cents a quart, and many housewives are glad of the chance to get fresh fruits.

One day in going around the country, which is very wooded with mountains outlined in the not far distance, I stopped at one resident's place. In the back of a big one-room house stood a food cache, raised eight feet above the ground on poles. It was enclosed on three sides, with a piece of canvas dropped in front. There was a cow bell hanging from the center. The meat and smoked fish is kept there. If bears try to steal the meat, the bell warns the family of the robbers. To obtain their meat, the family uses a ladder.

Another thing which interested me as well as the children, was that at several of the outside camps which comprised seventeen to twenty-seven families, the camps were built beside some old home site of log buildings with logs and dirt on the roof. On these roofs grow flowers, grass, and weeds. One especially delights the small children, for it is only about five feet high and the little ones can climb up and pick flowers.

\* Note.—This was written by the Red Cross nurse at Palmer, Alaska, at the end of the summer. Now the colonists are all housed in their new log homes.—EDITOR.



Yes, many flowers are to be found, all of varied bright colors, wild geranium, larkspur, and many others, whose names are unknown to me. While in search of these, the children spy rabbits scampering away, and once in a while a small baby one is brought to camp from a nest.

Several black bears have been seen, but fortunately, it was when the children were in the woods with their dads. On two different occasions, the fathers brought back some tiny cubs which had strolled away from their mothers and were easy to catch. The children love watching the little bears make somersaults. A pen of planks cut from logs was built around the cubs to keep the dogs from molesting them. Although small, the cubs have big paws and can well protect themselves. The children throw food at them, and hold pans filled with milk up high, so that Mr. Cub has to walk about on his hind legs for it.

There seems no end of sport for the children. So think Junior Venne and Arthur Carter. Half a mile back of their camp, runs a little creek, and one day when they were in the woods the boys stood stock still to see the creek overrunning with salmon. Such a sight they had never seen before. Each caught two big red salmon with their hands and ran back to tell their parents of the run. They arrived so breathless that it was a few minutes before their stories could be understood. Soon the news spread in the camp and fathers and mothers, tagged by the children, and carrying washtubs and gunny sacks, went down the hillside to the creek. Armed with pitchforks, gaff hooks, and spears, they had their first attempt at salmon catching, which is legal in this country. The salmon were so plentiful that with a pitchfork one could sometimes haul out three at once. The children in their excitement at being able to take part hauled salmon too, but were soon drenched. It did not take long to fill the tubs, so that a wagon was ordered to come as close as possible. The fish were cleaned at the stream. This run lasted three days. Coming to the camp on that last

day to look on, I had soon borrowed a gaff hook, which was on a fourteen foot pole, and also enjoyed this unusual fun. The salmon was canned by the women, using the regular tin cans. Each camp has a canning sealer. This is a big source of food for the long winter months.

The younger girls find they can spend hours playing hospital, for a number of them have just returned from our isolation hospital, where they went when they had scarlatina. Besides, they all see the Red Cross nurse daily, and her cape with the red cross on it catches their eyes. So caps were made with the bigger girls' help and

for the red cross they found a mercurochrome bottle with enough left in it to do the trick. Boxes of various sizes and shapes were placed at the end of a street—some on each side, and from these emerge doctors, patients, and nurses, going back and forth.

Parents are anxious that with our short summer the children should take advantage of the sunshine. You see,

we all look for a long dark winter, for it is well known that then we have only a few hours of daylight. Talk sometimes centers about the winter, when the children can have books to read. The Red Cross nurse has explained to them that she has many nice books for all, which were sent by the Junior Red Cross from Wisconsin, Michigan, and Minnesota, and also purchased by money from the National Children's Fund. These were kept for the winter months as the parents were afraid that with all living in tents the children would have a hard time to keep them clean. Besides, in the winter time the children would be indoors. A small library was started but discontinued, as that tent was needed for other people to live in.

The children are so pleased to have all those nice books and will take time this winter to answer the letters which were found in some of them. You see, tent life is not conducive to letter writing, for one can so easily and plainly hear the children outside, and one wants to join in the fun.



*Wildflowers grow on the roof of this ruined cabin*

# AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS

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*A jolly old fellow  
Whose hair is snow white  
And whose little bright eyes are blue  
Will be making his visits,  
On Christmas night;  
Perhaps he will call on you.*

—MARIE DEJACIMO, B. F. Goodrich  
School, Akron, Ohio

## ST. NICHOLAS

THE St. Nicholas cover was made by a Polish artist, for Poland, too, cherishes the memory of the good old saint who was so fond of children. As we all know, the tradition of St. Nicholas came to this country with the Dutch settlers and his name got shortened to Santa Claus. In the Netherlands his day is December sixth and on St. Nicholas' Eve he is supposed to come riding on his white horse bringing presents for the children, who set out their shoes filled with hay for his horse. In some other countries of Europe he comes on a donkey and is accompanied by a servant, Ruprecht, who distributes the gifts.

The birthplace of St. Nicholas is said to have been at Patara, near Myra in Asia

Minor. He traveled to Egypt and the Holy Land, having adventures by sea and land that gave him a place in the hearts of all sailors and travelers. Later on he became the patron saint of wandering scholars and of school children. He was adopted as the patron saint of Russia, too. Even the pagan Lapps and Samoyeds of the far north believed that he saved them from storms in the Arctic seas and manifested himself to them in the red and green streamers of the Aurora. They said he was a tall man with a white beard and gleaming, kindly eyes, who brought them gifts such as good seal hunting or a fine catch of salmon. Maybe it was from the reindeer country of the Lapps that we got the tradition that Santa Claus travels by reindeer and sleigh. St. Nicholas is often pictured with a miter on his head and a crooked staff in his hand, for he became archbishop of Myra before he died in 343 A. D.

Many stories are told of how he gave away by stealth the fortune that he inherited from his parents.

## THE PROGRAM PICTURE

ONE Christmas I spent in a hunting lodge on the edge of a forest above Innsbruck, in the Austrian Tyrol. Nearby lived the two boys of the picture. As it was vacation, they had time to pose for me, and we became friends and frequent companions. Sometimes when we took walks high above the River Inn, they would tell me stories and legends about the different mountain peaks and gorges. More often we went into the snowy forest to gather pine and holly with which to trim the hall where the school children were to give a Christmas play.

One exciting afternoon we went down into the picturesque town of Innsbruck and had coffee and cakes in a restaurant across the plaza from the famous House with the Golden Roof. Eat-

ing a cake filled with piñon nuts, I thought of another Christmastide. I had spent it on the Indian reservation of Fort Defiance and Chin Lee. And I told the Tyrolese boys about the young Navajos guarding their sheep in the high, wild places of the West and gathering piñon nuts among the rocks, to be sent to confectioners the world over. We, near the Golden Roof of Innsbruck, seemed to come close to the children of the Arizona desert.—A. M. U.



## CHRISTMAS: A BOOK OF STORIES OLD AND NEW

Selected by Alice Dalgleish:  
Scribner's: \$2.00

(Ages 10 to 13)

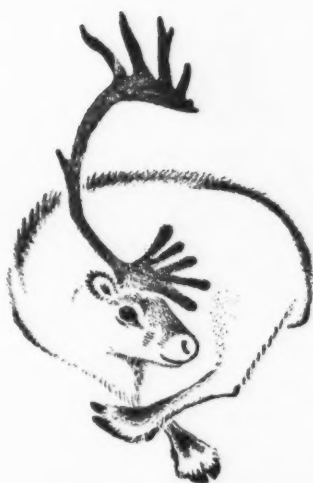
**T**HIS is a grand book of Christmas stories, poems, carols, and customs. Among the old stories are the beautiful Bible account of the first Christmas of all, Hans Andersen's "The Fir Tree," Frank Stockton's "The Clocks of Rondaine," and Celia Thaxter's "Piccola." There is the tale of the Cratchits' Christmas dinner from Dickens' "Christmas Carol." Laura Ingalls Wilder tells the story of "Christmas in the Big Woods"; Eliza Orne White has one about Christmas in New England, and Rose B. Knox describes a Christmas on a big plantation in Alabama. There are others about the holiday in Germany, in the Netherlands, in France, in Sweden, and in Canada.

About the best of all is the one at the end of the book, "In Clean Hay." It is by Eric Kelly and it tells about what happened when Anusia and Christopher and Stefan and Antek went out with their puppet show on Christmas Eve in the streets of the Polish city of Krakow. A big crowd had gathered in a hall there to see the puppet show of a famous performer, Pan Kowalski. When he did not appear, the four young people were asked to show their puppets instead. Stefan and Antek operated the puppets, Christopher played the violin, and Anusia sang in her clear, sweet voice. The audience was pleased. The children set out for home with more money than they had ever dreamed of making. They needed every penny, for they were poor.

On their way home they stopped to rest at a friend's house and there in the warm stable they found Pan Kowalski and his wife with a newborn baby.

"The children looked at one another strangely. Then they looked at Pan Kowalski, and then at the mother and the child.

"'They have no money,' went on Pan Kolesza; 'they were to have received much money for their performance in Krakow tonight, but they were not able to go, and therefore they lose it. I do not know what they will do when they leave here though the good God knows I will let them stay as long as they like. They have only this



## Something to Read

show which they give at Christmas; it is not given at any other time of the year.

"'And it was on this night that Christ was born . . . ' said Antek. 'Stefan . . . ' he added after a long pause."

Can you guess how the story ends?—E. McB. B.

## CHILDREN OF THE NORTHLIGHTS

Ingri and Edgar Parin d'Aulaire:  
Viking Press: \$2.00

(Ages 6 to 10)

**I**N THE land of the Lapps the bears all snored in their winter sleep. But the beautiful northern lights played in the sky. Wolves and foxes and rabbits were wide awake, and they all gazed up at the mountain, for right at its tip there was a tent, and hundreds of reindeer were milling around outside it. In the tent lived

Lise and Lasse, with their father and mother and brothers and sister. Lasse wore furs and a large cap like a blue flower that all the Lapp boys and men wear. Lisa wore furs, too, and she always did just what her brother did. That kept her busy all day. Lasse had lots of funny ideas of what to do.

When the family moved to find more moss for the herd to eat, each one got into his own sled, which was shaped like a little boat, and had his own reindeer pull it. When spring came it was time for the children to go to school. At first they felt rather strange in the town, because they were used to living in a tent, and people in the town wore their Sunday suits all the time. But then they liked it very much. In the village they took a strange kind of bath. One little house was the bath house, and inside it was hot and full of steam, which an old woman made by throwing water on red hot stones. The children took off their furs and crawled up on shelves under the roof. There they sat in the steam clouds like angels in the sky. When they were very hot and wet, they were rubbed off and sent out to roll in the snow. That was great fun.

When the snow on the mountainside had melted until there was a patch shaped like a waving man, the children's parents came and took them back home. They were glad to see the family again, and the dogs were wild with joy.

There are fine pictures in the book.—C. E. W.





## The Witch's Prisoners

AUNT MARIA

Illustrations by Bella Kőszegi and Constance Whittemore

**T**HE morning was peaceful and there was no sign of what the day would bring in Starland. The king, as usual, enjoyed his cup of coffee, which the queen had just poured out for him. Brilliant, the little prince, and Fairy, the small princess, ate peacefully the slice of buttered toast they had got in addition to their breakfast. They did well to eat a plenty. Else how could they have borne all the horrid things which happened to them soon afterwards?

After breakfast a very old woman appeared before the entrance of the garden. The queen at once ordered her maid to give the poor woman the usual golden farthing. She was also to have a cup of coffee in the kitchen and one of the queen's old frocks.

The maid greeted the old woman, bade her enter, gave her the golden farthing, a cup of coffee with a slice of white bread,

and the frock which, if not brand new, was a queen's frock, after all. The old woman examined the frock with contempt.

"Do you call this a gift?" she asked. "One single golden farthing, a cup of coffee, and an old frock? Is there nothing better the queen has to give me?"

"You must know," said the maid, "that my mistress is very kind-hearted. All the poor people who come to the palace are entertained by her. Their number is great. I dare say if she would give more to each of them, there would soon be nothing left to give!"

But the old woman continued to grumble. So the maid left her to herself and informed the queen that the old woman behaved very strangely and must have come to the palace for some other purpose than begging.

"I hope she won't do any mischief," said the queen.

Alas, the mischief was done already! The maid had hardly left the kitchen, when the old woman ran out into the passage, where Brilliant and Fairy were playing. The old woman got hold of the little prince and hid him in a large bag. She got hold of the little princess and hid her likewise. When the maid came back with the queen, the old woman had disappeared.

The queen and her maids and the whole court began to cry over the misfortune. The king, too, wept, and there were tears in the eyes of the tiny groom and the liveried coachman, because they all liked the little prince and princess very much. But weeping wouldn't bring back the children; so a great search began. Men were sent in all directions to trace the old woman. Nobody could tell them anything about her. This was not surprising, as the old woman had disappeared, riding through the air on a hazel rod.

The king then sent for his astrologer, ordering him to search the country far and wide with his telescope. The old astrologer was a wise man and did his duty well. When he had searched the country for the thirty-third time with his telescope, he cried:

"I see a small cottage. In it is a small room. In the room is a bed with pillows piled up to the ceiling. I see the witch. She is sitting at her supper, which consists of roast goose and porridge. But the children get nothing."

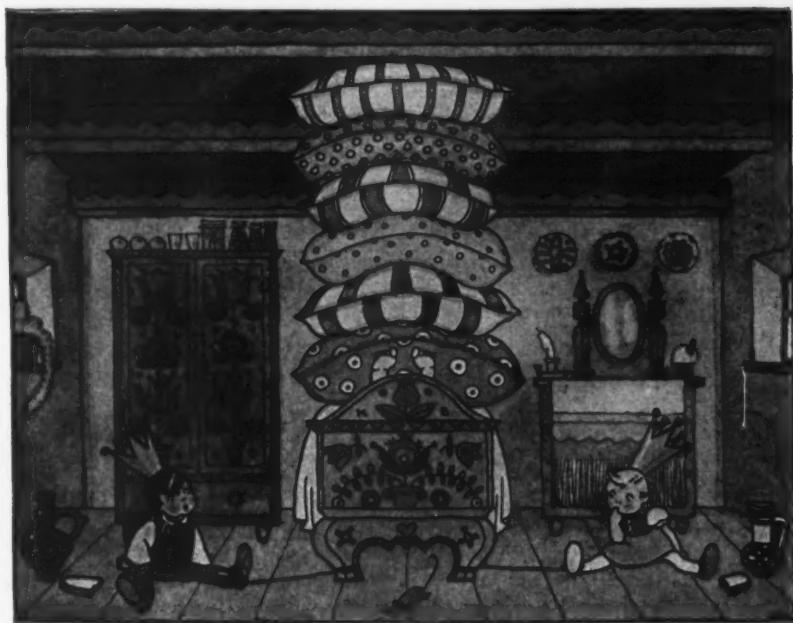
"Oh, my poor darlings," sobbed the queen. "I am glad now, they at least had a good breakfast today."

The astrologer then went on: "The witch has finished her supper, she makes her bed, she fastens a string to the foot of both the prince and the princess; she fixes the string to her bed to prevent their running away. The little ones are crying. She gives them water to drink and a piece of dry bread. Now she's going to bed. She has disappeared under the weight of her pillows. The prince and princess are sitting on the bare floor."

"They will catch cold, I'm sure," cried the queen. "We must send for them this very instant. Better still, I'll go myself. I don't mind what happens to me!"

"The trouble is that the witch has locked her door. She has bolted it with a strong bolt, and even if we get there, we couldn't enter the room," the astrologer explained.

He then asked the queen with a low bow if she would like to look through the tele-



*The mouse ran out across the floor and stopped before the children*

scope and see her poor children. And both the queen and the king looked through the telescope with tearful eyes and saw their dear children sitting on the bare floor to the right and left of the witch's bed, fastened to it with cords. Beside each of them was a jug of water and a slice of dry bread.

"Oh, my dears," cried the king. "I will send a company of soldiers to fetch them back. The only question is how to get them out of the room while the witch is still sleeping."

And then the old nurse, too, gave a piece of her mind, saying: "Oh, I'm not a bit afraid for them, Your Majesties. Those who are in the right, with God's help, are sure to find their way out of all difficulties. It is only the bad people who don't find the way out. . . ."

"But how could they find their way, poor dears?" wondered the king. "They cannot even move and the door is bolted and can be opened only from within."

The old nurse only nodded her head and said nothing but "Hum." The astrologer, who again looked through his telescope, then said: "I see a mouse; it runs across the floor; it stops before the children."

"Oh," cried the queen, "they never saw a mouse in all their lives. They will be frightened to death!"

But no such thing happened. The mouse sat down in front of the children and looked at them.

"Who are you?" asked the children.

"My name is Cincogó," was the answer. "My home is quite near. I feel hungry, very hungry. Couldn't you let me have a few morsels of bread?"

"Of course we could," said the kind-hearted children. "We, too, are hungry and have learned how bad it is to have nothing to eat."

[100]

"I wish to earn your gift," squeaked the little mouse.

Brilliant then said, "If you really wish to do so, you might gnaw through the cord by which my little sister is fastened to the bed of the witch. Thus you'll free her and she can escape while the witch is still sleeping."

At this the little princess broke off a piece of her bread, offered it to the mouse, and said, "No, no, I won't have it . . . it is my brother that you must help to escape and go home to our parents."

"I will free both of you," said Cincogó, "but you must promise to take me with you."

The children promised most readily. Cincogó at once set to work with great zeal, gnawing through the cords which fastened the children to the bed of the witch.

At the king's court the astrologer once more invited the queen to look through the telescope and she saw the mouse at work. Everybody then had his turn of looking through the telescope and there was much bustle and happy anticipation. The king ran out of the room and ordered a band of guardsmen on winged horses to meet the children on their way home. The old nurse was nodding her head all the time and repeating, "I was right after all, wasn't I?"

When the mouse had finished his work, Brilliant put him into the pocket of his coat. The children then cautiously unbolted the door and ran out of the house.

Once they were in the open, the voice of the little mouse made itself heard: "Remember to bolt the door from outside and shut in the witch."

And so they did.

At a few yards' distance from the witch's home the little mouse jumped out of the prince's pocket, turned a somersault, and



stood there, transformed into a beautiful, golden-haired little prince.

"I, too, was kidnapped by the witch," he said. "I thank you with all my heart. Owing to you the spell was broken!"

The two boys then took the little princess by the hands, and, one on her right and the other on her left, began to run homewards. Before long they met the guardsmen of the king, who took them on their saddles. Towards dawn they reached home again, and great was the wondering and the joy, when the children arrived, and there were

three of them instead of two. It turned out that the mouse prince was the crown prince of the neighboring kingdom. A messenger was sent there at once with the happy news that the heir was found. Then there was great rejoicing.

But the witch must have been less satisfied with her lot when she awoke in the morning, to find herself locked up in her room. Now, what do you think? Can she still be there, under the weight of her pillows?

—Hungarian Junior Red Cross Magazine



## The Legend of St. Nicholas' Donkey

L. COUROUBLE

Decoration by Iris Beatty Johnson

THERE was once a little gray donkey who was very unhappy. His master burdened him with heavy loads and rained blows upon him. The poor beast bent beneath his burdens but, patient and gentle, went on his way with even steps, shaking his long ears when the whip fell too heavily on his sides. No one had ever petted this little gray donkey, and although he rendered great service, he was seldom given enough to eat. His stable was a miserable shack which let in the cold rain. Often the little donkey, at the end of his courage, wept alone in silence before his empty

manger, for donkeys know how to cry.

It happened one year that the winter was very severe and the snow fell heavily. The little donkey was cold and grew hoarse.

Do you think that his master was distressed by that? Not at all. Instead of taking care of the small beast, this wicked man made him work all the harder and did not stop beating him.

Then, one Saturday afternoon—it was St. Nicholas' Eve—the miller decided to take a load of flour to the town.

Worn out with suffering and hunger, the donkey made a great effort, but he stumbled

against a rock and fell, with his back broken. The miller went off to look for help.

Two children, coming home from school, stopped near the suffering beast. "Oh, the poor donkey!" they said and stroked the little gray animal, who died in amazement at such kindness.

When he got to heaven, God said to him: "My poor friend, how sad is your plight! Men are truly cowardly and cruel to treat you so. How do you wish that I should punish them?"

But the little donkey replied: "I thank you, Lord, for having given me a good and patient soul. I have already forgotten the evils that I suffered on earth. I forgive my cruel master. But if you think that I deserve some reward, I wish that you would make me a big donkey with lots of strength."

This God did at once.

The happy donkey set off at a little trot. He stopped when he met a fine looking old

man with white hair and beard. The old man's face shone with kindness.

"Master," said the big, strong donkey to the old man, "have you noticed how the snow is falling in great flakes to the earth? Is not this the time of year when you carry all sorts of nice things to children? Here I am, at your orders and ready to follow you. I am henceforth your faithful servant."

The old man gave the shining neck of the donkey a friendly pat. "That is good," said he in a pleased voice. "I accept your help. Let us get ready for our journey."

He put on the back of the big, strong donkey a fine pack saddle furnished with two great baskets filled to the brim with toys and candies.

"On your way, my fine fellow," he cried.

The gates were opened. Then, amid the cheers of heaven, the donkey set out, led by the good St. Nicholas, who smiled as they went forth across the shining pavement.

—*Belgian Junior Red Cross Magazine*

## A Visit to the Pygmies

GRACE FLANDRAU

IT WAS rumored that "little people" had been seen near the Congo village that day; so a native was sent out to look in the neighboring thickets, and he soon flushed them like a covey of quail.

They approached timidly across the blazing square—about a dozen of them, all men, carrying small sets of bows and arrows and small spears. The bows were bound with skins and ornamented with charms, and the tiny reed arrows were feathered with bits of leaves. One or two had bugles of antelope horn slung over their shoulders. Their dress was a bark loin-cloth, and a tiny straw hat was pinned to the hair with sharpened bones. Some of them wore small pointed beards. They were not midgets, but very small men, ranging from four to five feet in height. Their skin had a more reddish tint than that of the other natives; their fore-

heads were broad, eyes far apart and prominent, faces narrowing to a rather pointed chin. They had a look of keener intelligence, too, and an alert, sensitive, I was about to say suffering, expression, even when they smiled. That smile, complicated with thought and even with sorrow, set them apart from the other Congolese peoples and brought them, it seemed, far closer to us.

They stood now very straight in a row and looked up at us earnestly, like little soldiers who weren't quite sure what they were in for, but would do their duty. But as their shrewd, wise eyes searched ours, they seemed to realize that we belonged to a good-natured race of which they had never heard, and that the whole thing was a lark. Visibly they relaxed and smiled.

"You must not be afraid of us," said Father Bonhomme, our missionary friend who was helping us. He spoke in Bangala to an interpreter

# A Guide for Teachers

BY RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON

## The December News in the School

### The Classroom Index

#### Art:

"St. Nicholas" (front cover and editorials), "The Boar's Head," "The Program Picture," "Christmas at Home"

#### Auditorium:

"The First Christmas Tree," "Christmas in Merry England," "St. Nicholas," "Christmas, a Book of Stories New and Old" ("Something to Read"), "The Legend of St. Nicholas' Donkey," "A Travelling Christmas Tree," "Christmas in the Air"

#### Citizenship:

"A Travelling Christmas Tree," "Christmas Abroad," "Christmas at Home"

#### English:

"Something to Read," "The First Christmas Tree," other stories

#### Geography:

*Africa*—"A Visit to the Pygmies"  
*Austria*—"The Program Picture"  
*Belgium*—"The Legend of St. Nicholas' Donkey"  
*Canada*—"A Travelling Christmas Tree"  
*Germany*—"The First Christmas Tree"  
*Hungary*—"The Witch's Prisoners"  
*Lapland*—"Children of the Northlights" ("Something to Read")  
*United States*—"Christmas at Home" *Alaska*—"Children of the Matanuska Valley"  
*Other Countries*—"St. Nicholas" (editorials), "Christmas, a Book of Stories New and Old" ("Something to Read"), "Christmas Abroad"

#### Music:

"Christmas in the Air"

#### Primary:

"St. Nicholas" (front cover), "The First Christmas Tree," and especially "The Witch's Prisoners," and "The Legend of St. Nicholas' Donkey"

#### Reading:

1. What did Johann and his sisters and mother see that the great lady at the castle had never seen? 2. Why?

1. Which medieval English Christmas custom do you think is especially picturesque? 2. Bring to school modern Christmas cards based on one of these old customs.

1. What was the most exciting adventure of the children in the Matanuska Valley? 2. How do you think their life in Alaska differs from their life before they went to the new colony?

1. How does the legend of St. Nicholas vary in different countries? 2. What Christmas story do you like best of all?

1. What made the boys of the Austrian Tyrol feel near to the Navajo boys of the Arizona desert? 2. Learn the Tyrolean folk song, "Green for the Mountainside."

1. Do you know any of the Christmas stories mentioned in the book review? 2. Make up a sentence telling what you think is the true spirit of Christmas.

1. What kind of bath did Lasse and Lise take? 2. What other items are there in this issue of the magazine about life in the far North?

1. Why was it fortunate that Brilliant and Fairy ate a hearty breakfast? 2. Is this a true story or a make-believe one?

1. What did God and the little donkey say to each other in heaven? 2. What is the difference between true stories and make-believe stories?

1. In what ways are the Congo pygmies like us? 2. In Vachel Lindsay's poem "The Congo" find the line used as the title of the book from which the pygmy story is taken.

1. Tell ways to distinguish between different common varieties of evergreen trees. 2. Invite foreign-born persons in your community to tell you about an old world Christmas celebration.

1. Explain how to play Chinese checkers. 2. Make a plan for Christmas sharing in your school.

1. Learn to sing "Christmas in the Air." 2. Hold an all-school concert and arrange for the best singers of each room to go together to some public home and sing carols.

### Christmas Customs

A mimeographed bulletin, "Christmas Stars and Candles," telling about Christmas customs in various countries will be sent free on request from headquarters offices.

### Labels for Gifts

Sometimes Junior Red Cross gifts for men in government hospitals are not identified because the group that made the gifts failed to label them. On page 2 of the Bulletin, N.H. 492, "Gifts for Government Hospitals," the second regulation reads: *Every gift should bear a label or a card with the name of the Junior Red Cross, of the city or town, and of the school or class sending the gift. No name of an individual should ever appear on a card or gift.*

This rule is a good one with regard to gifts for any institution; but it is very important with regard to government hospitals, since the label of the Junior Red Cross ensures a welcome that might be lacking in the case of uninvited gifts.

### White Christmas Trees

The December PROGRAM page lists white Christmas trees as tray favors. To make these: a wire is shaped in a circle broad enough to give a good base, then bent in to the center of the circle and upward to form a trunk. Other wires are fastened to the trunk, extending outward in branches which are graduated in length to give a conical shape. The base and trunk are wound with strands of white tissue paper or crepe paper. The branches are wound with white cellophane, deeply notched to make the foliage, and made secure by the tissue or crepe windings. The effect is of a glistening, snow-laden tree. A single star of gold or transparent blue paper at the top is sufficient trimming. Careful packing is essential, if the dainty little trees cannot be carried to their destination.



# Developing Program Activities for December

## Linoleum Block Christmas Cards

SEVERAL letters and reports are quoted, for those groups that do not know how to make linoleum block designs. The instruction given may be especially useful in making Junior Red Cross greeting cards for Christmas.

A clear, simple explanation was made in a letter from the Miller Park School, Omaha, Nebraska, to an elementary school in Czechoslovakia:

"The making of block prints is an eighth grade problem. The block is made of linoleum instead of wood, because it is easier to carve. The design is made first on paper. It is very important to arrange the design so that the block when cut and printed, has a pleasing arrangement of light and dark areas. The design is transferred to linoleum, carved, and then printed. Printer's ink is spread evenly on the block with a printer's brayer. The inked block is placed carefully on the paper to be printed. Then the paper and block are placed between two pieces of heavy tin and run between the presses. A good press is made of an old clothes wringer. Any number of prints may be made from one block.

### Materials Used

Carving Tools  
Roller  
Linoleum  
Press  
Printer's Ink

### Uses

Notebook covers  
Invitations  
Greetings  
Pictures  
Menus  
Announcements

A letter from the sixth grade, Frank Haven School, Piedmont, California, to a Primary School in Greece gave a more detailed account, with some variations of the process:

"We are very glad to tell you how to make linoleum blocks like the ones that were sent to you last year. First we decided what we wished to use the design for; then we made our measurements to give our picture the right proportions. All designs are not easy to cut so we had to make this one simple because we are just learning. After we had made our drawing we held the paper up to the window and traced it through so that the printing would be backwards. When that was finished we were ready to fill in the part of the design which we wanted to be dark on the paper.

"We used battleship linoleum because it is smooth. We did not use wood as it is too hard to cut. The size of the block depends on the design. We then washed the block to get out the oil. In order to make the design come out clearly, we painted the linoleum white. We used white poster paint because it washes off with water. When the paint was dry we traced the design (backwards) on the block with carbon paper. If the lines were not clear and straight, we went over them with ink and straightened them.

"Next we cut out the part which we did not want to print, using linoleum block tools. A knife can be used for this. We washed the white paint off and made a trial print. This shows if there are any other pieces to cut out.

"Before we started to print we had to get our materials ready. We spread newspapers to protect the

floor or table. We put a piece of glass or marble on the newspapers. The other materials needed were a rubber roller, rags, turpentine, printer's ink, paper, spatula, and a flat cover or a flat piece of wood. We cut the paper a little larger than the block. The color of paper depends upon the ink we used. We squeezed out of the tube about as much ink as the size of an almond. If the ink is too thick, we add a few drops of turpentine or kerosene and mix it well with the spatula. Next we rolled the roller in the ink until it was covered all over. Then we spread it on the block. We put the paper on the block and, holding it tight, we rubbed it with the flat cover or wood. When we thought the design would come out clearly we took it off and hung it up to dry. This took about a day.

"Each one of the class is sending you a bookplate which he made this year.

"We are very grateful to the Red Cross for making this communication with you possible. We hope it will continue for a long time. Thank you again for your book."

In Williams, Arizona, the Junior Red Cross members through the school art department have developed an ambitious project of supplying their community with original Christmas cards, at 3 cents to 10 cents apiece, making a substantial earning for their Service Fund. The commercial education in the project is itself important. The careful explanation prepared by their supervisor, Mrs. Craig, is given here:

"**Transferring the Design:** The designs were carefully traced on a strong transparent paper, all the parts to be printed were inked in, the rest left white. The designs were then turned over and laid face down on a type-high linoleum block upon which new carbon paper had been placed. Thumb tacks held the design in place, but care was used that the tacks did not come in the black areas as this leaves a white mark in the printing. The design was then carefully traced, and the parts to be printed were inked in on the block. *It is very important that the design be put on in reverse, especially where there is printing; otherwise the design will print in reverse.* It is also quite essential that all parts to be retained be inked in; otherwise the student is apt to cut out the parts that should not be retained and vice versa.

"**Tools Necessary:** There are only two tools really essential for cutting blocks, a sharp knife and a small gouge; if necessary, the knife can be used for the entire cutting. The knife should have a thin stiff blade, sharp pointed, and one that will hold an edge; a kitchen knife or a pocket knife will do if no other is available. The gouge should be medium small with not too great a curve to it. It is used to dig out the white area, but this can be done with the knife if necessary.

"**Cutting the Blocks:** All linoleum cuts very much easier and quicker if heated until almost too hot to bear in the hand. When hot it cuts with a smooth, clean edge instead of ragged, as is apt to be the case when done by students, especially girls. For that reason most of the cutting has to be done at home, where the blocks can be warmed frequently. To warm the block place it in the warming oven, on top of the radiator (put a piece of paper between the block and the

radiator), or in front of the open fire, always being careful not to get it so hot that it melts the glue which holds the linoleum to the wooden block.

"Take the knife and hold it firmly like a pencil, close to the point, at an angle of about 45 degrees. Make an outward cut all around the parts to be retained. Be sure that the cut slopes out, for an undercut weakens the edge and it is apt to break off in the printing. After the first cut is made, make a cut opposite it in the white area sloping toward the first one. This makes a V-shaped cut all around the design. Reheat the block when necessary and continue cutting until the whole design is outlined. Gouge out all large white areas; if you have no gouge, keep cutting back with the knife until all is cut out. Always keep the cutting tools well under control, for a single slip will sometimes ruin a block beyond repair. It is not necessary to cut the linoleum down to the fabric, only enough so that the parts which are not supposed to print do not do so.

"**Printing:** The printing may be done on a small school press or sent to a commercial printer. The latter is better if there are large numbers of cards to be printed, for the commercial press gives a more uniform product, while, with the hand press, there is a great deal of waste, the students becoming so fatigued before the desired number is struck off that they grow careless. However, the proofing and sample could be made up in the schoolroom.

"If the printing is done at school, the supplies needed will be a press, piece of glass about 14 inches square, printer's ink, 3-inch brayer, and palette knife.

"A small amount of ink is put on the glass and rolled until it is smooth and has lost the large holes. The block is then inked in several directions until it is well charged with the ink and then the prints are made. The first few prints are likely not to be very good, for it sometimes takes considerable ink to fill the pores of the linoleum. Practice only can show how heavily to ink the blocks. If too heavy, the ink stands up around the edges, so that it is necessary to dry the prints several days; if too light, the impression is poor.

"Under all circumstances, spread out the prints to dry over night. Even then, if they are not absolutely dry, it may be necessary to put second sheets between before stacking.

"**Paper:** The proofing may be done on any kind of paper. The purpose of this step is to tell if the block is properly cut and to give an idea how the block should be made up, kind of paper, etc.

"There are a number of papers that make good prints. With some blocks a hard surface is better than a soft; with some, a paper with a tooth; some of the cheap straw papers give very interesting effects, as do others with unusual textures. Therefore, it is well to try out a variety of surfaces as well as colors before making definite decision. Gold and silver papers give considerable trouble in printing and, if they are desired, the printer should be consulted before using them. The papers we used were the regular school supply of good grade poster and construction paper.

"In making up the cards, study the artistic commercial ones to get ideas for interesting and unusual effects.

"**Envelopes:** When the school is situated in a city

where envelopes are obtainable or can be made, it is well to look in to this before starting the designs. If they can be made commercially, the whole result will have a more professional appearance, as envelopes are certainly a stumbling block. If the envelopes are bought, the designs should be made to conform with the regular stock sizes, thus cutting expenses. If they are to be made by hand, open up a commercial one and pattern after that.

"The paper for hand-made envelopes should be good enough in quality to fold well and to have a 'finish' when completed. The flaps may be gummed with a mucilage specially put out for this purpose and approved under the pure food laws. The mucilage is put on the flap with a brush and then allowed to dry. It is then moistened the same as any envelope when it is sealed. This mucilage is good for gluing the rest of the envelope, for it has strong adhesive properties.

"**Preparing the Designs:** Each of the eleven students made several designs in charcoal which would be suitable for linoleum cuts. The best of each student's designs were accepted (two students had two designs each accepted), making thirteen in all. These were not chosen alone for their art quality, but for the general selling appeal. Here it might be said that the ones best in design had the smallest sale, while those that were more popular in subject matter and treatment had the largest; so in making up cards, study your community and its tastes and then make the best designs possible.

"**Selling:** After the samples were made up, each student was given a complete line with prices and other necessary information for taking orders. If the time is short, do not encourage the selling of too many of the hand-painted cards, for it takes a great deal of time and becomes very irksome when large quantities are to be done.

"The price asked was 3 cents each, or \$2.75 per hundred, for all folders unpainted. If painted, the price was 5 cents each, or 50 cents a dozen. All cards with envelopes were 5 cents each, or 50 cents a dozen, unpainted, 7 cents to 10 cents if hand painted or made up in extra fancy style.

"Allow only a specified amount of time for taking the orders as there is a great deal of work to be done in filling them, especially if the work is to be done entirely during classes. (Ours was a class project, no outside work being required.) Also sufficient time must be allowed to enable the buyer to send his card early if he so chooses.

"**Orders:** The orders were all given to one student who kept the books. Each student retained his own sales sheet in order to fill and deliver that which he had sold. At the close of the specified time, all the orders were added up and cards of that number were printed off, allowing a few extra for spoilage or late requests. After all orders were filled, the surplus was divided among the students for their own use.

"**Results** were most gratifying and paid for all the hard work entailed. A splendid spirit of cooperation was shown by all the students, the necessity of neatness and accuracy was brought out as never before, and the contact with the buying public is something that they will never forget."

# Fitness for Service for December

## In Case of Accident

**C**COURSES in First Aid and in Life Saving are so planned that they fit admirably into most physical education courses. The general requirements for instruction and certification are given here for those schools or classes that may wish to organize courses for winter and spring terms. The Junior courses are appropriate for elementary schools and junior high schools; the older courses are of value for teachers.

## The Four First Aid Courses

**Junior Course**—This is for boys and girls from 12 to 16 years old, inclusive, or beginning with the seventh grade in school through the tenth grade. The time required for this course is fifteen hours. A certificate is awarded upon satisfactory completion.

**Standard Course**—This is for adults, the minimum age being 17 years, or the junior year in senior high school. The time required for this course is fifteen hours. A certificate is awarded upon satisfactory completion.

**Advanced Course**—This presupposes the completion of the Standard Course and consists largely of drill and review in the practical phases of First Aid. This is a ten-hour course. A certificate is awarded upon satisfactory completion. Also to uniformed groups, authority to wear the Red Cross First Aid Sleeve Emblem may be given.

**Special Course**—This presupposes at least the completion of the Standard Course. This is a fifteen-hour course designed particularly for the training of lay instructors in First Aid. Practice teaching is an important part of the work. Upon satisfactory completion a certificate is awarded and the holder in turn is then in line for consideration as an instructor of First Aid upon proper application indicating a class to teach. Upon appointment an Instructor's Certificate is granted and authority to wear the Instructor's pin.

## Instructors

**Who can teach the foregoing courses?**—One answer applies to all—only those holding regular appointment cards, as instructors, issued by National Headquarters or the Branch Offices. Specific requirements for instructors of the different courses vary:

A physician graduated from a recognized medical school and in good standing with his local society may be appointed to teach Junior, Standard, and Advanced Courses. An adult 20 years or over who has satisfactorily completed the Special Course may be considered for appointment to teach Junior, Standard and Advanced Courses. An adult 20 years or over who has satisfactorily completed the Standard Course may be considered for appointment to teach the Junior Course. Only Special Instructors, usually members of the National Red Cross staff, are given authority to teach the Special Course. An Instructor's Manual is available for those who teach.

## The Textbook

The Red Cross First Aid Textbook is the basis of study in all the courses here outlined. This is a 237-page book which sells for 60 cents per copy and is obtained through the local Chapter, from National Headquarters or Branch Offices.

It is not compulsory in the Junior Course that each student have a copy of this textbook, but this is required in the Standard, Advanced, and Special Courses.

## Five Courses in Life Saving

**Beginner's Course:** No age limit for beginning swimmers—six hours or more instruction. May be taught by Senior Life Savers or Examiners. Button award is free.

**Swimmer's Course:** No age limit—for intermediate swimmers, giving them confidence through improved watermanship. Instruction and tests by Senior Life Savers or Examiners. Button award is free.

**Junior Life Saving Course:** Ten hours of instruction and examination for those twelve years of age and over

who have passed swimmer's test. Given only by American Red Cross Examiners. Certificate is awarded. Junior Life Savers are authorized and encouraged to wear the Junior emblem on their bathing suits but the purchase is optional—25c. Also a Junior Life Saving pin is available for 25c.

**Senior Life Saving Course:** Ten hours of instruction and examination for proficient swimmers who have passed seventeenth birthday. Given only by American Red Cross Examiners. The course is designed to enable the individual to follow a safe and proper procedure in aquatic emergencies, including water rescues and resuscitation. Certificate awarded expires at the end of three years unless test is taken to renew it. Senior Life Savers are authorized and encouraged to wear the Senior emblem on their bathing suits, but the purchase is optional—price 50c. A Senior Life Saving pin is available for 50c.

**Life Saving Examiner's Course:** (Training and Review). Ten hours of instruction under a Special Examiner, usually of the National Field Staff, and open to those holding Examiners' appointment or eligible therefor and expecting to teach. Course includes review of Senior Life Saving requirements as well as instruction in teaching and examining methods. For appointment as Examiner, one must be twenty years of age and have an opportunity to teach at once. Life Saving Examiners are appointed for one year and are expected to review their work annually with a Field Representative if the opportunity is presented; they are required to review every two years. Regular applications must be filed. Appointees will receive Examiner's card. Bathing suit emblem, optional—50c. Examiner's pin, optional—50c.

## Textbook

The Life Saving pamphlet, ARC 1005—"Red Cross Life Saving Methods," is the textbook used in preparation for the Senior and Examiner's Courses, and is free. An instructor's outline is also available for those who are to teach. Test sheets are required for all the courses.

## A Pageant of Safety

A pageant "The Road to Safety" written by Grade 7A, School No. 17, Yonkers, New York, may be obtained in mimeographed form, free on request of headquarters offices. The pageant, which has been used successfully by many schools, emphasizes, not the evasion of hazard or the elimination of adventure, but the freeing of life for worthy adventure and service through intelligent care.

## Health Bulletins for Teachers

Monthly *Health Bulletins for Teachers* may be obtained free from the School Health Bureau, Welfare Division, of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, New York City. This year, topics announced tentatively for special emphasis are:

**September**—Smallpox (historical and geographical prevalence)

**October**—Diphtheria (bacteriological aspects)

**November**—Malaria (historical, geographical, and biological factors)

**December**—Typhoid Fever and Water Supply (community responsibility)

**January**—Scurvy (geographical and social aspects, and illustration of vitamin problem)

**February**—Anemia (as an illustration of mineral needs of body)

**March**—Diabetes (chemistry of the body and hormones)

**April**—Tuberculosis (vital resistance and economic problems). Triple publication for high school boys and girls, parents, and teachers

**May**—Mental diseases (historical aspect)

**June**—Progress of the year and unsolved problems (accidents, pneumonia)



who translated it to something they could understand.

"No, are we not brothers?" they replied. And their next answer was equally satisfactory. We had asked them how many of their people were at the place of Tongolo, chief of this village. "As many as the leaves on the roof!"

We presented them with cigarettes and cubes of salt. Then the Pygmy herald sounded several strains on his antelope horn and they all shook hands with us, first pressing our hands, then seizing the thumb and wringing that—a handshake which prevailed throughout this region.

Loath to part with the "tickie-tickies," and thinking too they might be useful in other parts of our film, we invited them to travel with us for a fortnight. Great was the surprise and consternation this suggestion produced! Many of them refused in genuine alarm. But the chief boldly declared himself ready to go. "Am I a woman," Father Bonhomme reported him as saying, "that I should be afraid?" Six of his companions joined—with certain conditions—in the adventure. They must have with them a big native whom they trusted—Tongolo's son, by preference—and at least one Pygmy woman to cook their food. And so it was arranged. Tongolo's eldest son and the wife of the Pygmy chief accompanied the seven Pygmy men.

No time was required for preparation, as the travelers had nothing either to leave behind or to take with them, only a cooking-pot or two, their bows and arrows, spears and antelope horn bugles—no blankets, mats, or covering of any kind for cold nights and, of course, no clothes. The entire outfit of the Pygmy wife was a very small bark apron, a very large leopard's tooth hanging round her neck, and a seed rattle. I shivered for her when the truck was in motion and the cool of evening crept out of the forest, but she only wound her bare arms around her plump naked body and laughed.

All the gay Medje women of the village accompanied us on the safari to the motor road, to be with their husbands who were carrying our loads and to witness the departure of the Pygmies. The actual leave-taking proved to be difficult. The wives of several other Pygmies, appalled at the thought of parting with their husbands, insisted on going too. They even, in a restrained, well-bred way, made little scenes, and had to be dragged, resisting, off the truck.



*Some of the Pygmies rehearsing their part for a moving picture scenario made by the author*

The baggage was put aboard; we all got on top of it—boys, Pygmies, ourselves. Father Bonhomme took the wheel, flanked by his two advisers.

The solid mass of giggling, tumultuous women standing about had learned our names—Gwace, Chollee—and shrieked them over and over, told us theirs. They begged us with engaging, teasing gestures and smiles to go back to the village with them. They wanted to know where we were going—grasping only that our home lay toward the sunset. It occurred to me how impossible it would be to tell them where we lived. They knew nothing of oceans or continents, knew even less of the things to which we were going back. What would they make of radios, television, talking movies, submarines, skyscrapers, newspapers? Of those and similar things they knew and could conceive nothing. And yet how little, in a way, those things matter! Of the things that seem to matter most they know as much as we. Like us they regret that you must go, like us seek friends that are true and kind, fear those who are false or cruel. They want what we want—love, health, happiness; dread, as we do, loneliness and disease. And they, as we do, hope for better things after death. In real essentials they resemble more than they differ from us.

It was when we were on safari that the Pygmies were at their best. They passed in and out of the forest like shadows; never a branch cracked or a leaf rustled to betray their presence. They penetrated the thickest underbrush with perfect ease, returning with small dead animals or birds neatly pierced through the neck with a reed arrow, and ornamented themselves with fur and feathers, trophies of the chase. On the

march they always carried their fire with them—a custom as ancient, I suppose, as their very ancient race. And in villages of important chiefs the Pygmy chief was received as one ruler by another.

Courteous, gay, good sports, marvelous trackers, charming companions, the Pygmies remained with us for several weeks. Then, when our trail looped back over the highway running toward Rungu, we left them at a crossroads to wait for a passing cotton truck. A young Bel-

gian cotton planter at this place agreed to look after them and see that they were properly expedited to Rungu, whence Mr. Fouat would return them to their leaf village beyond Tongolo's. What tales of us and of their journey would they tell by the little camp fires we had seen burning before those nest-like houses, to eager wives and to the inattentive ears of the old, old men?

—From *"Then I Saw the Congo,"* by Grace Flandrau, Harcourt, New York.

## A Traveling Christmas Tree

GRACE FRASER MALKIN

Illustrations by Grace Paull

"STEADY, Katharine, you're turning the wheel too fast."

Fred sat astride the grindstone, holding the axe-blade to the stone. Katharine turned the handle, while Raymond held a dipper of water in readiness to keep the stone wet.

"We won't have any fun this Christmas anyway," grumbled Katharine. "Everybody has the mumps but us—even Smith's have it now. Tommy had to go home from school yesterday. So we can't have a school concert. And there's no snow for sleigh-riding or anything."

By this time Katharine was almost crying.

"I'm tired," said little Raymond.

"All right," said Fred. "I'll finish grinding the axe myself. But remember I expect the two of you to come to the woods and help haul the Christmas tree home. Would you like to do that?"

Katharine's eyes brightened, and two heads nodded "yes."

"Poor kids," sympathized Fred as the children scampered away, "it's too bad to have the Christmas concert ruined by mumps. They look forward to it for months. I wonder—"

But Fred didn't tell what he wondered. He concentrated on grinding the axe to the sharpness of a razor-blade, swung it over his shoulder with the blade facing out, and tramped off to the woodlot.

It seemed to Fred much more than a year since he had passed his entrance examination and so graduated from the Green School. Only a year, but such a full year! All the months in the garage in Sprucedale; months that had taught him beyond the shadow of a doubt that he was a born mechanic: the short winter evenings spent in studying his correspondence

course in electricity: the surprising gift of an old car from his employer: the fun in making the engine run a food chopper to feed his father's foxes: and now, this fall, what joy in learning how to swing an axe with sure stroke! His axe chewed the wood less; his chips came out cleaner; and he could feel more power in the swing of his shoulders every day.

Swing—swing—swing—

Fred's thoughts kept time to the rhythm of his axe. Christmas concert! Tree! He must try to make things brighter for the children. But how? Just yet he could not see.

At supper-time Fred asked Katharine, "Are you practicing for a Christmas concert in spite of so many having the mumps?"

"No," said Katharine. "There are only seven of us, so we can't have drills and plays. We're just singing carols, and school's dull as can be!"

Fred said no more, but as he studied dry batteries that night, puzzling over problems connecting cells in parallel, series, or multiple; figuring out voltage and amperes, and bewildering things like that, he suddenly knew just how he could make Christmas gay for the whole community.

In the evening the clouds hung heavy and low, so low that the tips of the spruce trees were lost in the grayness. Before bedtime a drizzly rain began to fall. "We're going to have the first wet Christmas since I was a boy," said father.

Nobody spoke, but a long sigh came from Katharine's corner.

"Never mind, Katharine," said Fred. "I'm going to town for feed tomorrow, and I'll buy all the things we need for Christmas. Let's make enough popcorn balls and taffy sticks for the children who have the mumps."

"Oh, yes! Let's," brightened Katharine. "And wrap them in red and yellow paper. That will be fun!"

When Raymond woke up the next morning, he rubbed his eyes—and looked—and rubbed again. For the world had changed to fairyland over night. The snow had fallen softly, thickly, steadily, all through the night. And in the morning Jack Frost had given the finishing touches with a quick sharp frost. Then the sun came out to make sure that everything was quite perfect. Raymond shrieked with delight, and Katharine bounced out of bed with a bump.

"Oh, wonderful!" she cried. "Hurrah! hurrah! We'll chop down the Christmas tree this very day."

And so they did, right after breakfast. The snow looked whiter than white icing on a birthday cake. Every little twig and branch drooped with its thick coating. Millions of diamonds sparkled everywhere. The rabbits must have been out very early to enjoy the fun, for their triangular tracks zig-zagged up and down the hill in every direction.

"You pick the tree, Raymond," said Fred.



*Up he came, shook himself, scolded wildly, and dashed away*

"Pick a round bushy one, not too tall. Do you know a spruce tree when you see it?"

"Of course I do," said little Raymond, indignantly. "The needles grow all around the stem, and they are four-sided. You can roll them back and forward between your thumb and finger like a match. Daddy showed me."

"Is this a spruce?" asked Fred, pointing to a young balsam.

Raymond pulled off a needle and tried to roll it. "No, this needle is flat," he said.

"Good for you," chuckled Fred. "You know."

"There's the tree," cried Raymond. "See, in that little open place."

"Yes," agreed Fred. "It's just right! Now, stand back while I chop."

It was fun to see the snow come sliding down the branches at the blows of the axe. The chickadees heard all the noise and gathered about to scold. A saucy chipmunk joined in. He ran up and down a branch, his tail twitching furiously. Then, because of all the snow and ice, he missed his footing and dived head first into a snowdrift. Up he came, shook himself, scolded wildly, and dashed away. Just in time—for the spruce tree swayed gently, and then fell—exactly in the spot where Mr. Chipmunk had been.

Raymond and Katharine took turns with Fred in dragging the tree home. Mother declared it a beauty, and it was put in the shed to wait till Fred returned from town.

He was gone longer than usual that day. Of course, he had a lot of shopping to do, but Katharine grew impatient waiting for him.

"You'll freeze your nose if you glue it to the window any longer," said mother. "Come and help set the table for dinner."

Fred arrived at last with the most interesting looking bundles, some of which he carefully put in the shed before coming indoors.

"I had good luck today. They had everything we needed," he told them.

"But what kept you so long?" asked Katharine.

"Wait and see," laughed Fred.

Mother, Katharine, and Raymond made candy all afternoon. Soon long rows of beautiful pink popcorn balls stretched down the table. The children pulled taffy till their arms ached. Katharine knew exactly how long to leave it in the snow to cool. She knew how to





*And there, in the middle of the buckboard, stood the Christmas tree*

twist it into a beautiful gleaming spiral.

Fred came in from the shed, a very dirty Fred.

"Whatever are you doing?" asked mother.

"Can't tell," said Fred. "But I couldn't stand the smell of the taffy any longer. Please put a bit in my mouth."

When the candy was cool and wrapped in its gay tissues, it looked most beautiful. Mother tied the sticks like little firecrackers, with the paper slashed to make a round and very gay rosette at each end.

"When shall we take them?" asked Katharine.

"Tomorrow night," said Fred. "Christmas Eve."

Fred was most mysterious all the next day. He even had a fire out behind the shed, and all children were warned to "keep off." Katharine and Raymond, and even father and mother, were consumed with curiosity.

At supper-time a loud knocking and much stamping of feet was heard outside.

Fred called, "Come in," in a huge voice, and through the door burst a merry crowd of children. "All those who have no mumps," exclaimed Fred, with a wave of his arm. "Sit down everybody. I'll be back in a few minutes."

It was a long few minutes but the children didn't mind. Such a noise! All talking at once!

"Yes, Fred invited us on his way back from

town," explained Molly. "He said to brush up on our Christmas carols, and be here at half-past six sharp. He said to put on our warmest clothes. That's all we know."

"Open the door," roared Fred.

Katharine rushed to the door—threw it open—and then just danced up and down and shrieked with excitement.

"Gracious!" said mother "What can it be?"

With a rush, Katharine was surrounded, and then the whole company disappeared outside.

For Fred had hitched the horses to the buckboard, and, in the middle of the buckboard, gleaming with red, blue, and yellow lights, stood Raymond's Christmas tree.

"Behold!" said Fred. "A traveling Christmas tree!"

The lights glowed on all the eager upturned faces. Raymond reached out inquisitively and touched—"Paper lights," he cried.

"No," corrected father. "Electric lights, paper covered. How did you do it, Fred?"

"Rigged up a dry-cell battery," explained Fred, "and used two volt flashlight bulbs. Soldered them myself! And it works. Now, put on your coats and let's go singing carols to all the poor mumps children."

And that's how the first traveling Christmas tree appeared in MacMurrich Township.

—Canadian Red Cross Junior

# Christmas Abroad

**B**OYS of the Wanda Circle in New South Wales, Australia, collected and cut up all the firewood necessary for their school for the entire year. They gave the money saved in this way to a sanitarium for boys.



*Hungarian Juniors each brought a piece of firewood for poor families. Four thousand Juniors took part and collected an enormous amount of wood*

**J**UNIORS in the Maedchen-hauptschule, Vienna, Austria, tell correspondents in Negaunee, Michigan, about their Christmas:

We are sure you will like to hear about Christmas in Austria. Our holiday begins on the twenty-third of December and lasts till the eighth of January. We are all looking forward to Christmas. Some time before Christmas little children write a letter to the "Christ Child" and tell him what they would like to get. The letter is placed on the window where an angel is supposed to fetch it. On Christmas Eve there is a Christmas tree in every house. This is a fir tree decorated with glittering glassware, silver threads and stars, and many candles. Apples, golden nuts, chocolates, and all kinds of sweets hang on the tree. The Christmas gifts for all the members of the family are put under it. When the candles are lighted, a bell rings and we enter the room. In many families the children recite poems and sing Christmas songs, before admiring their presents. Then we have supper; in most houses they have fried carp and potato salad. Our English book tells us about Christmas in England. Now it would be very interesting for us to hear something about Christmas in America. Please tell us about your customs in your next letter.

**O**N NEW YEAR'S EVE members of the Junior Red Cross held a party in a big school in Tallin, Estonia. The chief event was the performance of a play entitled "Junior Red Cross," specially

written a year before by two well-known writers, for the purpose of making known the work of the J.R.C. Over two hundred Juniors of Tallin acted in this play and were warmly applauded. The play was also given successfully in numerous schools in the country in the course of the year.

**I**N AN ALBUM from the Varnum-Tarby Public School, Varnumskulle, Sweden, to the Washington School, Glendive, Montana, came this letter:



*Girls of the Mendlik Lujza School, Budapest, sent this doll to the Roosevelt High School, East Chicago, Indiana*

Christmas is our greatest festival, and is celebrated on the twenty-fifth of December. On Christmas Eve we adorn the Christmas tree. Then the whole family goes to the kitchen to dip bacon and bread in broth. On the top of the house an oat sheaf is raised for the birds.

In the evening when the tree is lighted, Robin Goodfellow comes and distributes presents. Later on we eat stockfish and rice porridge. Early on Christmas day we all go to church.

**F**ROM the eighteenth to the twenty-sixth of December, Juniors of Fronstat, Czechoslovakia, held an exhibition of "Bethlehems" and Christmas trees in their school. Some of the Bethlehem scenes, painted on paper, were a hundred years old.

In another room were trees, each with a different name and inscription. One was entitled "In the Kingdom of Marzipan," for which the girls of one class had made marzipan, a sweet made of almond paste. "The Dream of the Birds" was the name of another with the most varied glass birds on it. One called "Winter Joys" was decorated with little snow men, skis, skates, and toboggans. "I Come from the Woods" was the name of one trimmed with cones and acorns. A special feature was the tree which bore the inscription "Through Cleanliness to Health." It was a little larch tree, at the top of which was a red cross, and on the branches were tooth brushes and nail brushes, tooth paste, and soap. In place of real candles there were paper ones,



*These German Juniors made toys to be distributed at Christmas to children whose fathers were unemployed*

the body done with red pastels and the flame indicated in yellow. On these candles were inscribed the Junior Red Cross health rules. Near the door was a small tree entitled "A Happy Christmas to the Birds." This tree had been soaked in melted suet and over it poppy seed, millet, and rye were strewn, while on the branches were pieces of carrot, mountain-ash berries, and nut-kernels strung like a chain. After the exhibition was over this tree was placed in the school garden as a feast for the birds.

ONE group of Australian members organized a sale of dolls' clothes, and held a bazaar. Little girls were able to add to their dolls' wardrobes, and the members added a considerable sum to their fund.

Another group has "fruit days" at their school when watermelons are in season. The melons are cheap at this time, and they are cut up into

many slices, and sold at a penny a slice. The sale is brought to the notice of the pupils for a week or two beforehand by a few words at morning assemblies, when donations of fruit for the day are requested. If the supply sent in is not enough, it is supplemented from the shops. At recess the fruit is placed on long trestle tables. Teachers and older pupils serve the crowd of buyers.

Another event is lollypop day. First the Juniors ask for sugar in half-pound contributions. The teachers oversee the making of the candy. Many people who do not send sugar send the lollypops ready-made instead, and so the supply grows. As a standby, the Juniors arrange with some shop to let them have supplies in case they are needed.

Almost forty dollars was cleared in two hours on one of these days.

## A DESCRIPTION of Christmas in Greece says:

On the eve of Christmas all must be assembled round the table.

On our table, we have honey in a plate, hazelnuts, oranges, two apples, and the New Year cake. Then all the members of the family hold the table, lift it up three times, and we say, "Joyful dinners, blessed dinners, Christ is born, the whole world rejoices."

The father takes the branch of an olive tree, and crossing the honey three times, sticks the branch into an unconsecrated wafer, adorns it with oranges, figs, and apples, and fastens gilt hazelnuts on it. We keep this branch till Epiphany and then eat all that is on it. Then the father cuts the New Year cake with a coin in it into as many pieces as there are persons in the house. He who finds the coin will be lucky during the New Year.

## THIS letter went from Norway to Tasmania:

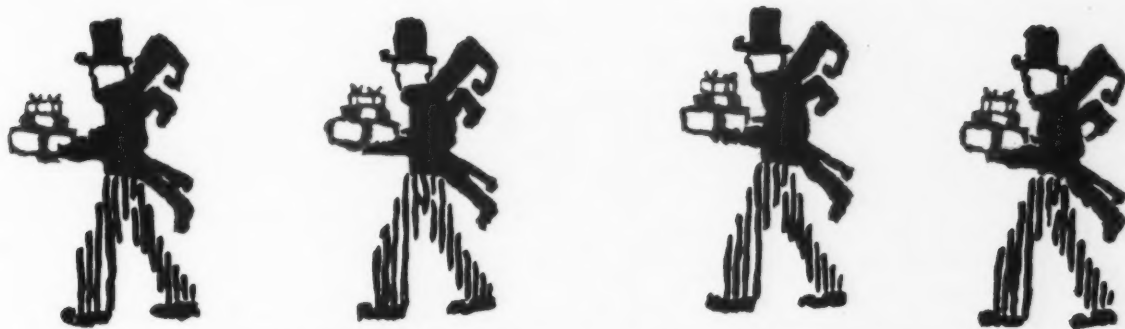
We are very thankful for your letter and the funny, beautiful album you sent us.

In our album to you, you will see pictures of all the country. From the middle of June to the middle of July here you can see the sun day and night. This is only in the north, in Nordland and Finmark. When you look at the pictures you will perhaps believe that there is only snow and ice all the year, but it isn't so. Often in summer, Norway is the hottest place of all Europe, and we bathe and play in the water just as in the tropics. People get very sunburned in the summer.

In the winter we go skiing a great deal. All our holidays are used for this and working for the J. R. C.

MEMBERS of Dunedin, New Zealand, made an "Alice in Wonderland" quilt, a jig-saw puzzle with a picture of Alice, and a book for the children's ward of their hospital.





*Members of the Devonshire School, Montreal, Canada, make gift wrapping paper by putting oil-paint stencils in an all-over design on cellophane. They take the paper to children in the hospital, for wrapping their own gifts*

## Christmas at Home

**T**HE Junior Red Cross of Pickering Junior High School, Lynn, Massachusetts, made three Christmas tree permanent bases for the children's wards of hospitals in Lynn.

Each base was in the form of a toy village with houses, garages, barns, stores, a church, a pond on which were skaters, a hill with coasters on sleds, roads with automobiles, sleighs, and animals.

The whole school cooperated. The industrial arts department made the bases of five-ply veneer, four feet square. A hill was placed in one corner of each base. It was made of thin sheet iron formed over wooden blocks. The art department made and decorated houses, churches, barns, stores and garages of cardboard, and then laid out the landscape. The buildings were fastened to the base, which had been previously wired for electric lights. Fire-proofed cotton was used for snow, and to make the scene more realistic, epsom salts were sprinkled over it to give the effect of newly fallen snow.

The support for the Christmas tree was a discarded seat iron the top of which had been sawed off in the shop. It was screwed tightly to the base, and made a sturdy, permanent holder.

Small lead animals were given by different pupils. Moulds were brought to school so that other animals could be cast from lead in the shop.

Because of the interest of the pupils, much

that went into the project, including the veneer given by a local builders' supply company, was donated, so that the expense to the school Council was very little.

A committee of J.R.C. members arranged for the transportation of the bases to the hospital, and set them in position.

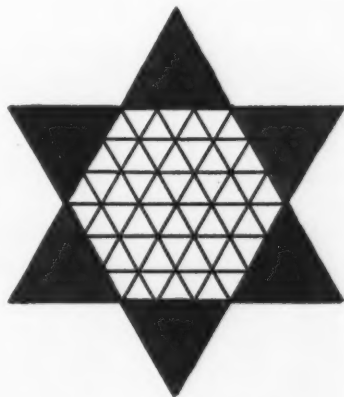
**JUNIORS** in the Portsmouth, Virginia, Public Schools, wrote:

On December second we entertained the children of the Miller Day Nursery and Home with a Christmas party at our school. They arrived in a large truck. We gave a program of Christmas carols, recitations, a jolly Christmas song by the Juniors from Pinners Point Building, and two playlets, "Christmas in Mother Goose Land," and "Gifts and Givers." Gifts of oranges, apples, cocoa, and canned goods were presented. Gift boxes containing health bags were made and decorated by the upper grade boys. The bags, which were made in the sewing department, each contained a bath cloth, soap, tooth brushes, and tooth paste.

Afterwards the children of the nursery sang two songs to the delight of the Juniors. Santa Claus and his helpers distributed candy from the tree.

**JUNIORS** in the Center Junior High School of Norwalk, Connecticut, made four sets of a game called "Chinese Checkers" for men

who are confined in the United States Naval Hospital in Washington, D. C. The board consists of a six-pointed star drawn on the back of a piece of blue oilcloth, the points of the star painted blue, green, and red, each color opposite itself (see the picture). The men are corks of a



*Board for "Chinese checkers"*



*Mount Vernon, New York, Juniors of the Nathan Hale School, singing Christmas carols at the Old Ladies' Home*

uniform size, tinted in colors to match those in the ground of the star. The rules of the game are as follows:

Each of the three players has ten men. When the game starts, each player's men are placed on the intersections on a large outside triangle of the same color. There is a large triangle between the different players' men.

The object of the game is for each player to get his men across the board into the opposite triangle of the same color. The players play in turn. Each player has one move. The men may be moved forward, to the right or left in a straight line, but never backward. The player may move one of his men forward one space or he may jump the man over another man (one of his own men or one of the other players' men) if there is such a chance. He may make two or more such jumps if there is such an opportunity.

The player getting his men across first, wins.

**SENIOR** members in New Orleans, Louisiana, were pleased with the way in which their Juniors cooperated with them at Christmas time. They said:

Our Christmas party was a huge success, and Juniors played a very active part in it. Decorations for the tree at Chapter headquarters, garlands for the room, caps for the children, and all manner of toys were made by them. In addition to this, practically every institution in the city was remembered in some way by our Juniors. The veterans in Alexandria were sent a huge box

containing decorations, napkins, cups, ash trays, joke, crossword puzzle and scrapbooks. Combination calendar and match-strikes were sent the men, and a large box containing stamped Christmas and New Year cards for their use.

**NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE,** Juniors gave Christmas dinners to eight families, and supplied toys to children in a hundred families. The boys in the Opportunity School made dozens of articles — three

sizes of kiddie cars, small wagons, rocking chairs with ducks at the sides for babies, games, and tie racks. The principal of the school says that the boys had been working all fall on these and other toys with a great deal of enthusiasm. A large automobile was filled to the top, twice, with the toys they gave to the Nashville Chapter.

**AT CHRISTMAS,** the 3A class of Lincoln School, Hammond, Indiana, gave a play called "Making Over Toys," and the 7A class



*Juniors of the Parkdale School, Manistee, Michigan, in their manual training class*

gave a Clara Barton play in assembly. Afterwards they had a Christmas party and an exhibit of dolls brought to school from home by boys, girls, and teachers. The dolls ranged from one to fifty years in age. One teacher lent a collection of foreign dolls.

**C**HICAGO, ILLINOIS, Juniors sent hospital patients Christmas cards, stamps, stationery, books, phonograph records, sheet music, candy, flowers, wearing apparel, and other gifts. They also remembered that the Christmas dinner aboard the U. S. S. *Chicago* needed a festive touch, and sent 650 menu covers for that purpose. At Christmas time the community service played the rôle of Santa Claus for 300 children, sending skates, toys, sleds, and dozens of other gifts.

**A**FEW days before Christmas the members of the Oquirrh School, Salt Lake City, Utah, brought presents of clothing, books and toys for children in the Salt Lake General Hospital. All the presents were brand new. They were put into silver boxes and tied with red cellophane ribbon. The Council officers and representatives took the boxes to the hospital and presented them to the children. Later they received a letter of appreciation from a member of the hospital staff.

Washington School in the same city made a set of paper cut-out dolls with wardrobes for each crippled child in the ward at St.

Mark's Hospital. Other gifts to patients in the hospital included jigsaw and crossword puzzles, and a year's subscription to two children's and one adult magazine. Christmas cards made by the Juniors in their art classes were sent along with the gifts. Sixth grade students entertained patients of the hospital with Christmas carols.

**W**OODLAND, CALIFORNIA, Juniors supply many children with gifts at Christmas. The American Legion and the Junior Red Cross cooperate in securing the name, age, and in some cases the desire, of every needy child in the

county. Long lists are compiled and the work begins. In selecting these presents, Juniors consider the ages of the children and try to select suitable toys. They are then wrapped and an appropriate card is attached to each package. Each family has an individual box into which go the gifts, candies and food supplies. It is a

real job to select, wrap, and deliver these many boxes.

**T**WO hundred and fifty children from ten different schools in the District of Columbia sang Christmas carols at St. Elizabeth's and other hospitals. One school sent twenty-six decorated Christmas trees to the veterans at Walter Reed Hospital.

The Christmas work of Stuart Junior High School consisted of making doll houses and furniture, dressing dolls and making stuffed toys such as clowns and animals, for several institutions.



*This boy's mother may be just as careless in cutting bread, or his father in chopping wood*

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# Christmas in the Air

SONG AND ILLUSTRATION BY FLAVIA GÁG

Piano Arrangement by Frances Carpenter

Such a hustle bustle, hurry-scurry,  
Some-thing so mys-ter-i-ous in the air,

Boys and girls are whisp<sup>r</sup>-ring, all a-flur-ry,  
Christ-mas pre-pa-ra-tions ev<sup>r</sup>y-where,

Fair-y flakes of snow are gai-ly danc-ing,  
Si-lent-ly they drift up-on the road,

Some-where Sant-a Claus is gai-ly pranc-ing,  
May-be we shall see him with his load!

